

OLD FEMALE OF SPECIES  
ELD BIG STICK? ASKS M'LISS

discusses Writer's Contention That Women Should  
Own All the Property and Be the Grand Boss  
Around the House

ANOTHER golden age will come only when women own all the property; when man is "cut out" of inheritances altogether, permitted to possess nothing that he does not earn with his "bare hands or naked wit"; when the female of the species pulls the purse-strings and is the big boss with the big stick.

These radical opinions are not my own, gentle reader. Being a woman, I would not dare presume to launch them, even were I bold enough to entertain them. They come red-hot from the pen of one Th. Eby, who writes flatteringly about our capabilities in a current magazine.

There has only been one golden age, according to this writer, and the work of that age was characteristically woman's work. It was an age before the advent of canned goods, vacuum cleaners and husbands who know how to wear their dinner coats. Women have been responsible for all these changes—for the civilization of food as well as of man; for the taming of the wild carrot as well as for the transforming of the shaggy male creature into a veritable Prince Charming.

It seems that she just sort of henpecked a man into keeping himself decently shaved and going around fully clothed. And might he not have gone on forever preferring raw bear meat and wild berries for his evening meal, had she not cut it out of him a taste for paste d's fois gras and charlotte russe? In those days a man answered to his mother or his wife for his every act, and, according to the Eby viewpoint, it was a merry life—for the ladies, at any rate. It should be that way now, he holds.

But dark days succeeded and man gained the ascendancy. He became strong and active and woman soft and passive. Tempus, however, fugit, and she seems to be back at the old place again. The most important work of today, Th. Eby says, is the "breeding and upbringing of the next generation; the rescue of the home from the demoralizing influences of a degenerate army and exploitative order, and the resumption of progress in the domestic arts for want of which life has become so concious and barren."

"This is woman's work," he declares, "and the present is by nature a woman's age. The world is beginning to see that the true present function of property is the maintenance of woman and her dependents. Every man who amounts to anything looks upon his home and wealth as more fundamentally his wife's than his own. Property belongs to women. Inheritance ought to follow the female line and women alone should receive bequests."

Turn your pockets inside out, gentlemen, and give us everything. And then you do the begging for the small change. Turn about is only fair play.

I doubt, though, if Mr. Eby's views, agreeable as they seem at first reading, will coincide with those of the majority of sane-thinking women of today. Somehow we're a little tired of slavishly and parasitically taking things. Indeed, we've come to the conclusion that the day is almost nigh when we can have done asking when, just as a man has been free to do, we can choose and take what we want, whether it be pleasures, careers or husbands. I believe that our golden age has arrived, or very nearly; but not as Mr. Eby construes it.

She Disapproves

Regarding my comment a few days ago on the precedents for widowers established by those two famous men, the President and the Governor, who remarried in less than two years after their first wives' death, a Moylan wife and mother signing herself F. D. H. sends me a hot communication. She says:

Dear M'LISS—Apropos your article on quick second marriages, which appeared in the Evening Ledger of last Monday, I should like to say that it greatly interested me, as do all opinions on what might fitly be termed "Tandem Polygamy"; for I live in hope that some time I shall read something that will convince me that such marriages are not so wicked as they now appear to me.

Of course, I have heard numberless times the oft-repeated and ridiculous statement that a quick second marriage is a proof that the first wife was dearly beloved. I have even heard one woman say that she felt it was a decided stigma on the character of the first wife if a man did not remarry soon. Besides the humiliation of being compared to a hat, coat or other material object, whose good wearing qualities have made another of the same kind seem advisable to the owner, one might as well say that a genuine polygamist compliments the wife first chosen by getting others during her lifetime.

After all, how much real difference is there between the man who has many wives at the same time and one who has them in succession—tandem fashion?

How can we account for men and women, within the very shadow of the sepulchre, beginning in six months the new courtship, with all that courtship implies, and which is to culminate in another marriage by the end of a year?

How can any one believe that during such courting the memories of the dead obtrude themselves between the lovers, whose every thought is now stimulated by, and centred on, the warm flesh of the living?

In the meantime, while these things are going on, what is happening in the minds and hearts of the rising generation; for under the cloak of apparent indifference, the youth of our land are watching their elders and taking notes. Of what are they thinking? Are they becoming cynical concerning marriage? Do the devotion and self-sacrifice necessary to the right sort of marriage appeal to them?

To the girls who see the mother, after a life spent freely in loving toil for the husband and children, lie down in her silent tomb and become a forgotten thing (for she surely must be), do these girls long to give their lives in a like manner?

I doubt it. Of course, they ought to want to give themselves to their work; but when they see this worn-out parent supplanted almost immediately, it is natural that they should prefer the rozier, the more selfish path.

Is not marriage with its heavenly beautiful possibilities being desecrated by the quick succeeding marriages?

Of course, it must be granted that knowledge comes only with experience, and those of us who have not lost our mates in life may not understand. After all it is largely a matter of taste—not so much a question of why do they? as how can they? The whiff of roasting human flesh has a deliciousness to the cannibal which proves a horrible stench to the Christian!

Every man to his taste!

A New York divine has said that those who object to quick second marriages belong largely to the list of unmarried women who are too old to hope for marriage. For very obvious reasons, I have found this class very favorable to such marriages. As a wife and mother, I cannot claim membership in this distinguished body, but gladly admit that I am one of those "silly sentimentalists" who believe that the marriage relation differs from every other relation, that it is sanctified only by a love so deep, so pure and so self-sacrificing that when the loved one has left his (or her) earthly home, he or she still lives in spirit. When such a marriage exists, the body will, indeed, have cooled off, and the flowers have long since withered before the thought of a second such relationship can be tolerated.

Moylan, Pa. F. D. H.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'LISS, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'LISS—Is it wrong for me to go walking in the Park at evening with a young man. R. O. S.

It depends on yourself, the young man, the hour and what your mother thinks about it.

Dear M'LISS—Will editors accept manuscript written in long hand? Please write in paper. Thanking you. E. C. M.

An editor, of course, prefers receiving manuscripts that are typewritten; but good material written in a legible long-hand is naturally infinitely more desirable than "poor stuff" nicely typed. The really unpardonable sin, though, is to write on both sides of the paper.

DREAM OF CHIFFON AND ROSES



This little French negligee shows what can be done by the stay-at-home girl who never knows what to do with her worn evening gowns and wraps.

Marion Harland's Corner

Loves to Help Needy

I THINK the Helping Hand is the sweetest thing I ever heard of, and I should love to be able to help some needy person. I have some lace pieces, about five inches square, that I'd be delighted to give to somebody. Any one wanting a large framed rural scene is welcome to it. And I also have a few games that might please children. I hope some one will write for these things. "PERGY."

The Helping Hand Corner desires to reproduce the compliment that slips so prettily from your pen and to toss it back with interest after reading the list of donations you put at our disposal. We are sure that some one will want every article you name.

Ready to Reciprocate

"I thank the Corner for the silk pieces I received, and hereafter I shall watch the Corner and try and do something for somebody else." MARJORIE S.

It sends a thrill through the heart of the Corner when we are told of the receipt of pieces. It assures us that the rule of demand and supply is working both ways. We thank you for telling us.

Perfection Salad

"I have read with interest and a little amusement the several requests for a recipe for perfection salad, and if there be one anxious housemother who has not secured the coveted formula she will find it herewith enclosed. I have tried it, and more than once, to make sure how far it deserves the high sounding title: One envelope of gelatin, half cup of cold water, half cup of mild vinegar, one pint of boiling water, one teaspoon of salt, one cup of finely shredded cabbage, juice of one lemon, half cup of sugar, two cups of celery cut in small pieces, quarter cup of sweet red peppers, finely cut. Soak the gelatin in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. Strain and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into a mould lined with pimento. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

"As will be seen by one accustomed to giving and partaking of well-managed dinner and luncheon parties, this is a reliable rather than a salad. It would make a sorry show as a salad course, accompanied as is usual, by crackers and cream cheese. May I tell of a 'salad' as is a salad, of which I partook with great delight at a beautiful luncheon last week? First, large ripe and rosy apples were excavated, leaving the peeling and walls intact. Then they were set in the ice while the filling was prepared. This was white grapes, peeled and seeded; tiny flakes of pineapple, small cubes of grapefruit and orange, wee bits of crisp celery, and just

a sprinkling of minced maraschino cherries. All were judiciously combined, chilled for an hour in the ice, and then mixed lightly with a good mayonnaise, also ice cold. The apples were filled and heaped through the opening left by cutting off the blossom end. A maraschino cherry caused the filling, and about the apples were crisp stalks of romaine, just dashed with mayonnaise. Cream cheese balls and crackers were served with this perfection salad.

"Am I presumptuous in offering the contribution to the Corner repertoire of choice recipes? Recollect, the delicacy was not my invention, but my friend's. I got the formula from her next day." "Mrs. H. R. D."

More than one reader who knows a good thing when she sees (and eats) it will agree with your opinion of the relative merits of the relish and the salad. Let me add that, having tried your recipe out of hand after reading your letter, I heartily endorse your commendation of the new dish! It is a veritable delicacy.

All communications addressed to Marion Harland should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Persons wishing to aid in and contribute to the work of the H. H. C. should write Marion Harland, in care of this paper, for addresses of those they would like to help, and, having received them, communicate direct with these parties.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does

Borax is not only a great aid to cleanliness, but it softens the water and neutralizes the chemicals that damage the skin.

Borax has wonderful curative properties, too, so if your face stings and your eyes are just a bit inflamed an application of warm water and borax will act miraculously.

Mfrs'. February Sale of Quality

Davenport, Easy Chairs and Rockers  
New Stylish Goods at Saving of 1-3  
The only manufacturers in Philadelphia selling at retail.  
EASY CHAIRS—All-over covered, tapestry, velours and leather, \$18, \$22, \$24, \$27, \$30, \$33, \$37, \$42 to \$55; others \$12.75, \$14, \$16, \$18.  
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Small deposit will secure purchase till wanted; prompt, careful delivery free within 100 miles.  
W. W. & H. H. Knell  
Factory and Showrooms  
229-31 S. 5th St.  
Just Below Walnut  
Established 1858

NEGLIGEE MAKING  
FROM DANCE FROCKS

Ingenious Method Followed by  
Many Girls to Utilize Dis-  
carded Evening Gowns

Many a girl who claims she isn't interested in sewing enjoys making dainty bits of filmy negligee for herself, because the prices charged for the same in the shops is, alas, too frequently, beyond her slender purse. One of the most ingenious "stunts" of a very ambitious young lady is to make stunning negligees, matinees, or "just plain" lounging robes out of her discarded evening gowns.

The idea isn't a new one, by any means, but there is always an original way to dress up an old idea, so that the appearance is novel, at any rate.

A pretty style is shown in the illustration developed in tones of flesh pink chiffon, with a shadow-lace over-drapery. The chiffon comes by the yard, or may be the left-over from a too-narrow-to-be-fashioned evening frock. The bottom, which might have become a bit ragged from high heels catching in the thin material, is cleverly hidden by a soft ruffle. Since short skirts are the rage, the gown may be made as far from the ankles as the fair wearer chooses.

Strips of plain pink-satin ribbon are seen falling from the Empire waistline to good effect. The style is quite new and claims Parisian origin.

The pannier effect at either hip is smart and shows the lace up to advantage, fitting. The skirt has a metallic lace bow at the front and French roses.

This little gown, so elaborate when made up, may be easily planned and executed at home. The results are far more effective than if you would be inclined to believe, especially if one's talents in the sewing line are doubtful. Try it, girls, you'll need a nice negligee when you go away on your next week-end trip.

For Evening Wear

Spangles are very smart, especially for use on the silk net; many new effects in rich colorings are African brown, Joffre blue, a clear emerald, bronze and bordeaux. Mousses and bands are much used for skirt decoration. Sometimes as many as eight rows of bands in graduated widths are used around a skirt.

Spangled pendants or drops are used in such colors as opal, green, sapphires and amethyst tones. Eighteen-inch cup spangled all-overs are used in forming peasant girdles and panel trains. Miniature clusters and ropes of roses and variegated flowers are seen on many of the smartest party frocks of the silk net. They are used for outlining hoops and for decorating the skirt foundation. For the corset, long floral sprays with pendant streamers are attached to the shoulder or tucked in the belt at the back. Beaded fringes are used to edge boleros and tiered skirts.

Gingerisms

If we never desire until we deserve, what contented lives we shall live.

Too many books spoil the author.

Says the Psalmist: "I said in my haste 'all men are liars!'" Ah, Davy, my boy, were you among us now, you might say it at your leisure.

"Learn to live well" if your purse and digestion stand the strain.

"Poets are born, not made," but in the name of the Muse, whence these near-poets?

Fine feathers make fine dusters.

Don't spend all your money in one shop. You get lots more fun and variety by exchanging purchases in different places.

Madam, remember the salesgirl may be taking a mental inventory of you, too.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man" to be in debt.

A dollar in your hand is worth two in your purse—that is, to the merchant, for by this sign he knows it is coming across the counter.

The sweet buy and buy applies especially to the swain who thinks he must send her a box of confections each week.

When lovely woman bucks the line at a bargain sale, football pales into the insignificance of ping-pong.

Virtue may be its own reward, but every one doesn't learn it from experience.

Deerfoot Farm  
Sausage

Just make you long for  
breakfast Order some today

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



A STUNNING SET OF SABLE

THE most attractive of furs in Russian sable—the fur of royalty. The set shown today displays the skins in all their splendor, besides being most agreeable as an addition to one's wardrobe. Tails and paws are used to good effect upon the two pieces. The scarf is composed of four skins and is cut straight, so that the wearer may throw the ends over either shoulder or wear it chin-chin style. A head and tail are used at one end and tails and paws on the other. Tails and paws are noticeable at the places where the skins are joined, which is more or less of a novelty.

Of course the muff is melon-shaped, as all fashionable muffs must be this winter. The skins on this are diagonally arranged, with a cuff at both ends. The trimmings correspond to the use of tails, heads and paws on the neckpiece. The price is \$300.

A closely fitted sable toque carries out the last word in luxurious appointments. It may be made to order in the same style as the set at \$50.

Full particulars as to where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

EVENING DRESS FOR WOMAN  
ATTAINABLE IN A JIFFY

There is one thing a man can't do that a woman can. And that is to get into evening clothes without making a complete change. To be presentable at a "swell soiree" a man must needs, as is well known, divest himself of his entire business raiment, including his shoes, and then array himself in a hideous and uncomfortable black affair, trying to make himself look as much like a waiter as possible.

But a woman can do the trick by hooking up a few hooks and unhooking a few other hooks. She can, now that the new pantaloen gown has been demonstrated. The young business woman cannot very well go downtown to work in the wide silk pantaloons, which in one form or another have been trying to force their way into general usage in the last five years. But she can wear the pantaloons underneath a skirt of any amount of primness desired, and then on arriving at her hostess' house she can unhook the skirt and hook it back, revealing the pantaloons. Also, by day, at work, she wears a fichu. This, all "unbeknownst" to her unsuspecting employers, conceals "low neck." Again the hooking and unhooking process is put to work along with the revealing of the pantaloons, and she walks down the stairs to greet her hostess like one of Solomon's wives in all her glory. And this sort of thing cannot be done by a man.

And yet we don't let 'em vote.

ASK FOR and GET  
**HORLICK'S**  
THE ORIGINAL  
MALTED MILK  
Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB  
The people who go bravely on  
Whatever woes befall,  
They make me feel so proud for them  
I'd like to thank them all.

Tyrol Wool  
(In a Knitted Fabric)  
LADIES' AND MISSES  
Suits  
The New Spring Colors  
The New Spring Models

Suits for All Purposes  
\$18.50, \$22.50, \$25.50  
Top Coats  
\$21.50  
Black Suits for Mourning Purposes

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IMPORTERS OF UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, CRAVATS

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Just make you long for breakfast Order some today

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MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



MY WORD! NEVER SAW SUCH HIDEOUS NECKTIES! I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND WEARING SUCH MONSTROSITIES.



THE MAN WHO DESIGNED THOSE TIES MUST BE A DRIVELING IDIOT. I'D RATHER GO TO JAIL THAN PUT ONE ON.



BY THE WAY, MONTY, AUNT BRIGANTINA WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY.



DID YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO ME, AUNT? YES, MONTY, I'VE ACROSS SOMETHING TODAY THAT I'M SURE WILL PLEASE YOU.



AND I WANT YOU TO WEAR IT FOR MY SAKE.